met him.

"it would have pleased you too? For you

Scott gave no reply; yet he loved O'Brien and Catherine so much he had come to the determination then and there to put an end

to his life, and so, by avenging Michael, to remove the impediment between them.

Catherine pursued her train of thought.

one night in the spring, as we drove home

from town? It was a lew days before I first

"What did I say, Catherine?"

"Do you remember what you said to me

PRIOR TO STOCK-TAKING

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This sale has been a great success, and the public are pleased with the bargains we are offering. To-day we have reduced a lot of Black Silk Warp Henrietta Cloths from \$1 down to 59c. Also, 39 pieces Fancy Black Goods from 75c and 85c down to 49c. Also, 50 pieces Colored Cashmeres, all wool, from 65c down to 50c a yard. Also, 30 pieces Colored Cashmeres from 35c down to 25c. 100 pieces All-wool Cloths, double width, to 20 at 25c. 52inch Tricot Cloths, 25c. Entire stock of Smoking Jackets reduced to about half former prices.

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Station, l'ittaburg, as follows, Eastern Standard Time:

MAIN LINE EASTWARD,

New York and Chicago Limited of Pullman Vestibule daily at 7:15 a. m.

Atlantic Express daily for the Sast, 3:20 a. m. Mail train, daily, except Sunday, 5:30 a. m. Susday, mail, 5:40 a. m.

Day express daily at 8:00 a. m.

Bail trains daily at 8:00 p. m.

Falladelphia express daily at 4:00 p. m.

Eastern express daily at 7:15 p. m.

Eastern express daily at 7:15 p. m.

Eastern express daily at 7:15 p. m.

Eastern express daily at 8:10 p. m.

Erectaburg express 5:10 p. m. week days.

Derry express 1:00 s. m. week days.

All inrough trains connect at Jersey City with boats of "lirocklyn Annex" for Brooklyn, N. Y., avoiding double ferriage and journey through K. Y. City.

Wally Account 5:15, 7:50, 8:00, 10:34 p.m. 25:13.

Mail train, connecting for Biairsville... 6:55 a. m.
Express, for Biairsville. connecting for
Butler... 5:13 p.m.
Butler Accom... 6:20 a.m., 2:25 and 5:65 p.m.
Springdale Accom9:00, 11:50 a.m., 3:20 and 6:20 p.m.
Ciaremont Accom... 11:30 a.m., 3:20 and 6:20 p.m.
Freeport Accom... 4:15, 7:56 and 11:40 n.m.
On Sunday... 11:30 a.m., and 5:50 p.m.
North Apolio Accom... 11:00 a.m., and 5:50 p.m.
North Apolio Accom... 11:00 a.m., and 5:50 p.m.
Bisirsville Accommodation... 8:20 a.m.
Bisirsville Accommodation... 8:20 a.m.
Trains arrive at FEDERAL STREET STATION.
Fxpress, connecting from Butler... 10:32 a.m.
Mail Train connecting from Butler... 10:32 a.m.
Butler Express... 7:50 p.m.
Butler Express... 7:50 p.m.
Butler Accom... 7:58 a.m.
Bisirsville Accommodation... 5:10 a.m., 4:40 p.m.
Bisirsville Accommodation... 5:10 a.m., 4:40 p.m.
Byringdale Accom... 8:50 a.m., and 6:55 p.m.
Springdale Accom... 8:50 a.m., and 6:55 p.m.
MONONGAMELA DIVISION.

Trains leave Union station. Fittsburg, as follows.

Trains leave Union station, l'ittsburg, as foi-

Por Monongaheta City, West Brownsville and Thiontown, 10:40 a.m. For Monongaheta City and West Brownsville, 7:55 and 10:40 a.m. and 4:50 p. m. On Sunday 8:55 a.m. and 1:50 p. m. For Monongaheta City, 1:51 and 5:50 p. m., week days. Dravesburg Ac., week days, 6 a.m. and 3:20 p. m. West Kitzabeth Accommodation, 8:35 a.m., 4:15 6:30 and 11:35 p. m. Sunday, 9:40 p. m. Ticket offices—527 smithheta st., 110 Fifth ave., and Union station. CHAS, E. PUGH, General Managor. Gen't Pass?\* Azent, BALTIMORE AND OBIO RAILROAD.



For Clinel and St. Louis, '8:00 a, m., 17:45 p. m.
For Cincinnati, IH:55 p. m.
For Columbus, '8:00 a, m., '17:45 and IH:55 p. m.
For Newark, '8:05 a, m., '7:45 and IH:55 p. m.
For Columbus, '8:05 a, m., '7:45 and IH:55 p. m.
For Chicago, '8:05 a, m. and '7:45 p. m.
Trains arrive from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, '8:15 a, m., '7:35 p.
m. From Columbus, Cincinnati and Chicago, '8:25 a, m., '8:90 p. m. From Wheeling, '8:25 '10:55 a, m., '5:90, '9:00 p. m.
Through parlor and sleeping cars to Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati and Chicago, 'Daily, : Phily except Saturday, 'Sunday only, 'Balty except Saturday,'
The Pittsburg Transfer Company will call for and cheek baggage from hotels and residences upon orders left at B. & O. licket office, corner Fifth ave, and Wood st., or 401 and SD Smithfield steef.

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P., McK. & Y. R. R.—DEPART—For New Haven, 10: 0, 17:00 a. m., "3:10 p. m. For West Newton, 77:10, 01:00 a. m., "3:10, 5:23 p. m. ARRIVE—From New Haven, "6:10 a. m., "4:10, p. m. From West Newton, 6:13, "9:10 a. m., "4:10 p. m.

From Relie Vernon, Monongahela City, Eliza-beth and McLessport, 7:45, 19:00 a. m., f2:00, 14:10,

A LLEGHENY VALLEY KAILROAD—
Trains leave Union station (Eastern Standard time): East Brady Ac., 6:55 a. m.; Nisgara Ex., daily, S:15 a. m.; Arriving at Buffalo at 5:45 f. m.; Kittanning Ac., 9:00 a. m.; Hulton Ac., 10:10 a. m.; Valley Camp Ac., 12:05 p. m.; Oil City and DuBois Express, 1:20 p. m.; Euthon Ac., 4:00 p. m.; Kittanning Ac., 5:35 p. m.; Vailey Camp Ex., 4:35 p. m.; Kittanning Ac., 5:30 p. m.; Bursalo Ex., daily, 8:45 p. m.; Arriving at Buffalo 7:20 A. M.; Hulton Ac., 7:40 p. m.; Bursalo Ex., daily, 8:45 p. m. (Arriving at Buffalo 7:20 A. M.; Hulton Ac., 7:40 p. m.; Baraburn Ac., 11:30 p. m.; Cauren Irains—Emienton, 9a. m.; Kittanning, 12:40 p. m.; Baraburn Steping Car on night trains between Pittsong and Buffalo, JAS, F. ANDERSON, G. E. Agt.; DAVID MCCARGO, Gen. Sup.

beth and McLeesport, 7:15, 19:00 a. in., 12: 4:40 p. m. "Dally. "Sundays only. City Ticket Office, 639 Smithfield Street,

DIFFERURG AND LAKE ERIE RAILROAD 1800. COMPANY. Schedule in effect December 14. 1800. Centrat time. P. & L. E. R. R. DEFART—For Cleveland, 1:20, 2:300 a.m., 1:25, 2:45 p.m. For Cleveland, 1:20, 2:300 a.m., 1:25, 2:45 p.m. For Cleveland, 1:20, 2:300 a.m., 1:20, 2:45 p.m. For Cleveland, 1:20, 2:45 p.m. For Balmance, 3:00 a.m., 1:23, 2:45 p.m. For Salamance, 3:00 a.m., 1:23 p.m. For Youngstown and New Castie, 4:20, 7:50, 10:00 a.m., 1:25, 4:20, 2:30

GENTS' smoking jackets in solid colors BIBER & EASTON.

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head, how fruitless was her task

That was the epoch-making day of her life, and every event was dated before o "You said that a woman should not be afraid to show her affection. That some-times she might miss happiness by hiding it too well. That sometimes—you know—a man might be in love with a girl—and be his Catherine's, the expiation demanded for her mother's levity, the last drop in his

own cup of grief. But perhaps, too, her in-nocent confession would touch O'Brien's heart, and when he should also find Scott had made the final reparation, he would reranged by loring hands. O'Brien called to mind the sympathy of the minister, the eulogy of the servant, the cards from acquaintances and friends. He was filled Good-bye, my little daughter; God be with Catherine went out into the garden and left her father alone.

CHAPTER IX. She had heard his words of farewell, yet had attached no significance to them. Preoccupied with her own thoughts, she felt she had come to the supreme moment of her life, and the sudden meeting with Death himself could not have more terror for her, or more strange sweetness than this thing she was about to do. And as, too, at the hour of death, all false shame and all conventionalities drop away, you call that expistion? Let me remind and the soul at last comes near to other you how Michael died. Suddenly in the souls, as it never could do in life, so the rules and teachings, all the arbitrary laws of society, slipped from her, and she listened

> Catherine gave him, for one instant, "You are going to leave us?" she said. "Yes; my passage is booked for next

"But why do you go?" "Why should I stay?" he replied roughly. "My business is finished; I have no other "We had hoped, my father and I," said Catherine, "you would have found England

"Ah, of course!" he retorted bitterly. It is common mistake. But you have a home, friends, many who love you, and so you are happy. I have none of these

things.' "But you might have them," said Catherine gently, "if you wished."
"That is a pretty speech. I suppose I ought to thank you? But I have lived a rude, uncivilized life too long ever to ac-

the contrary, it gave her courage. "Mine was no pretty speech, and you know it," she answered; "if you go it is to please yourself, not because there are none

good name. He must have foreseen the specious tale you would get carried to the girl he loved; that she would believe he had so to deceive myself! You will forget me deserted her, and so give her hand to his in a week. There is no one who cares for

ragged outline of which their route lay, recognized it anywhere by its shape, its your hand. I am at your a life as you have led, honored and happy, This speech was framed with the cruelly the moon began to disentangle herself from color, its frayed and sun-browned binding. The moon began to disentangle herself from color, its frayed and sun-browned binding. The moon began to disentangle herself from the hey-day of youth. This speech was framed with the cruelly watched her closely to note its effect, and he cursed God then in the agonies of his saw how it awakened some strong omotion abandonment, who can blame him? Yet, in the depths of her pensive eyes, how it changed the expression of her sweet and tremulous mouth, and brought the vivid color to her cheek.

But to herself she seemed to be lifted

to repent and obtain forgiveness, will die above time and space, to be standing with and go straight to life eternal. You may O'Brien in spirit only, she felt herself brave and free to speak her inmost thoughts as only

when you have left me. I shall be happier all my lie for having known you, and for having once, and once only, spoken the whole truth. And in proof of how much I trust

out of sight, "come! I, too, have much to tell you!"

CHAPTER X.

for his use. He saw his daughter, con-spicuous in her white dress, talking with O'Brien. The conversation between them seemed suddenly to grow intense. Catherine

He could guess from their motion, as well as from O'Brien's rigid figure and sunken

themselves down his sunken cheeks.

"O God and Father," he prayed aloud,
"If I do this thing Thou knowest the purity
of my motives. Not in despair, nor in contempt of Thy holy laws, do I take
the life Thou has given me, but
to expiate the crime by which I
took Michael's life from him, and
left him to die alone without one triendly
hand to moisten his live with water or wine
hand to moisten his live with water or wine hand to moisten his lips with water, or wipe the death-dews from his brow. If in those last dreadful moments he doubted of Thy goodness, the fault was mine. It he came into Thy presence uncalled and unprepared, it is right that I, too, should in the same way seek Thy awfui judgment seat, for hast not Thou said, 'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth?' But toward my little girl, my Catherine—'' The auguish of this thought was too much for the man; he laid his head on the table before him, and his prayer lost all coherency and purpose. For some mo-menta his soul was in contusion. Then his hand touched the cold steel of the pistol and it recalled to him his intention

below.

A shadow fell upon the window. Catherine stood without and O'Brien looked over her shoulder. The girl pushed open the glass and came in. Her face was exquisite in its shy happiness. Scott had just time to put the pistol down unobserved on the table behind him, before Catherine reached her

and Scott's thoughts traveled mysteri-ously back to the days of Michael's lifetime: "David, will you forgive me-for Catherine's sake-as I have for-

paler, its flowers drooping, its butterflies departed. Michael's face looked strange and indistinct, yet his voice now sounded close at hand, in his ear.

"Davy! Davy!"
What did it all mean? For surely he was again in his own library, struggling painfully back to consciousness. Yes, it was the voice of the dead Michael but it was James O'Brien who spoke, kneel-

ing beside Scott's chair. "Forgive me, Davy! dear old friend, forgive me; my sin has been greater than yours!"

ness; emotion gave him back a reflection of his beautiful youth. Over the dying man old memories crowded. He understood now why from the very first the stranger had held such fascination for him

'There never was a James O'Brien " said the speaker, "he was a figment of my brain, an instrument of my vengeance. For it was I who, lying crippled at the cliff's foot, was picked up by the crimps and shipped while still unconscious. During 20 years of exile I brooded revenge. I thought on our broken friendship, my lost Catherine, my ruined life, and my heart became a hell of evit thoughts. I sought you out with the determination of making you pay for every pang that I had suffered, and when I found you happy in your daughter, I conceived the dastardly plan of playing with her heart as the mother had played with mine. But from the first moment I saw Catherine something more than the old love revived. I felt more than the old love revived.

more than the old love revived.

could do her no wrong, so I made up my
mind to leave. I meant to forego everymind to leave. I meant to forego everymind to leave. thing once nore—friendship, love, happiness, and my revenge as well. But Catherine—dear, brave, generous Catherine—has given me back all you once took from me a

grasp tightened a little over them as he spoke.
"God has been very merciful to me," he

- Temple Bar. [THE END.]

AUCTION.

Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry and Silver ware, Etc.,

AT NO. 533 SMITHFIELD STREET. Positively this stock will be sold to the

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EXTRA bargains in eider down comfortables, satine covers and full siz; the best values ever shown at \$5, \$7, \$10 and \$15; beautiful silk covers, \$20 to \$40.

the little pistol lying before him. In the strong sunlight which filled the room he looked what he was—a dying man. All struments exchanged.

Of fine pianos and organs for the holidays at Lechuer & Schoenberger's, 69 Fifth avenue. Low prices; easy payments. Old instruments exchanged.

All the above at revised prices to force rapid reduction of stock.

From Pittsburg Union Statios. ennsylvania Lines. Tranis Run by Contral Time. OUTHWEST SYSTEM-PANHANDLE BOUTE.

p. in.

Thains annive from the West, d. 2:10, d.6:00 a.

m., 3:05, d.5:55 p. m. Dennison, 9:20 a. m. Stepbenville, 5:05 p. m. Wheeling, 2:10, 8:45 a. m.,
3:05, 5:55 p. m. Burgetissown, 7:14 a. m., 3:5:05
a. in. Washington, 6:55, 7:50, 8:40, 16:25 a. m.,
2:25, 6:25 p. m. Mansdeld, 5:20, 5:34, 8:20, 11:40 a.

m., 12:45, 3:55, 10:30 and S.6:20 p. m. Bulger, 1:38
p. m. McDonalds, d.6:35 a. m., d.9:00 p. in. NORTHWEST SYSTEM-FT, WAYNE ROUTE.

NORTHWEST SYSTEM—FT. WAYNE ROUTE—Leave for Chicago. 4 7:10 a. m., d 12:24, d 15:0, d 15:0, d 15:0, except Saturday 11:20 p. m.; Totedo, 7:10 a. m., d 12:24, d 15:0, d 15:0, and except Saturday 11:20 p. m.; Crestline, 3:65 a. m., d toverland, 6:10 u. m.; 12:35, d 11:05, b. m. and 7:10 a. m., via F., Ft. W. & C. Ky. New Castle and Youngstown, 7:20 a. m., 12:35, 3:35 p. m.; Annaystown and Nilea, d 12:29 p. m.; Headville, Erie and Ashtabuia, 7:20 a. m., 12:35, 3:35 p. m.; Chinage and Jamestown, 3:30 p. m.; Allianca, 4:23 p. m.; Wheeling and Bellaire, 6:10 a. m., 12:45, p. m.; Beaver Falla, 4:20 p. m.; Beaver Falla, 8:45 p. m.; Beaver Falla, 8:5:20 a. m.; Lectadale, 5:30 a. m.; Beaver Falla, 8:16, 11:00 a. m., 5:is p. m.; 5:40 p. m.; Knon, 3:00 p. m.; Lectadale, 5:36, 3:00, 10:00, 11:45 a. m.; 1:15, 2:20, 4:20, 4:35, 5:30, 6:14, 2:30, 3:30 and 8 5:35 p. m.; Conway, 10:30 p. m.; Fair Oake 5 11:40 a. m.
TRAINS ARRIVE Union station from Chicago, except Monday, 1:50, d 6:35 a. m., d 5:45 and 6:30 p. m.; Toledo, except Monday, 1:50, d 6:35 a. m., 5:55 and 6:30 p. m.; Crestline, 1::30 p. m.; Youngstown and New (asside, 5:10 a. m., 1:25, 6:30, 10:15 p. m.; Niles and Youngstown, 4 6:35 p. m.; Cleveland, 6:5:00 a. m., 2:20, 7:00 p. m.; Wheeling and Beliaire, 9:00 a. m., 2:20, 7:00 p. m.; Wheeling and Beliaire, 9:00 a. m., 2:20, 7:00 p. m.; Wheeling and Beliaire, 9:00 a. m., 2:20, 7:00 p. m.; Wheeling and Beliaire, 9:00 a. m., 2:20, 7:00 p. m.; Wheeling and Beliaire, 9:00 a. m., 2:20, 7:00 p. m.; Wheeling and Beliaire, 9:00 a. m., 2:20, 7:00 p. m.; Wheeling and Beliaire, 9:00 a. m., 2:20, 7:00 p. m.; Wheeling and Beliaire, 9:00 a. m., 2:20, 7:00 p. m.; Wheeling and Beliaire, 9:00 a. m., 2:20, 7:00 p. m.; Wheeling and Beliaire, 9:00 a. m., 2:20, 7:00 p. m.; Wheeling and Beliaire, 9:00 a. m., 2:20, 7:00 p. m.; Wheeling and Beliaire, 9:00 a. m., 2:20, 7:00 p. m.; Wheeling and Beliaire, 9:00 a. m., 2:20, 7:00 p. m.; Wheeling and Beliaire, 9:00 a. m., 2:20, 7:00 p. m.; Wheeling and Beliaire, 9:00 a. m., 2:20, 7:00 p. m.; Wheeling

dale, 4.30, 5.20, 5.15, 6.50, 7.46 a. m., 12.05, 12.45, 1.46, 2.30, 4.20, 6.30, 9.00 and S 5.55 p. m.; Fair Unks, S 8.55 a. m., d. dally; S. Sunday only; other trains, except Sunday.

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Greenville and Butler Ex. 1:40 p m 1:35 p m
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given bim nightmare. He awoke with a so small! She measured it against mine, groan, sat up, and saw Catherine and the boys still sitting as he had left them at the support table, although they had long since and he drew an imaginary line across his first finger joints.

David stood still, for his limbs were sud-Michael was building up a pyrawatched the structure as it rose, and David looked at Catherine. Presently she put out a mischievous hand to interfere, but up in his heart.

table, David brought the edifice crashing down in rains. "If you break the glasses," said Eames, "you'll get no hot toddy. Cathey, it's time you was abed; get out the whisky and mix the boys a class apiece, and your old father

will have one, too." Catherine fetched the bottle, the lemons, and the old-fashioned silver sugar crushers. Michael pared the peel into strips litted the kettle, too heavy for the girl's slender arms. The fragrant odor of punch agreed about the room, and the young men

their next meeting. "You've got a rough walk before you, boys," said he; "I shouldn't care to be in your place. But, to be sure, you're young, your united ages don't come up to mine, I'll be bound. Let me sec-you are 23, Michael, and David is 25. Twenty and 20 is 40, and 5 and 3 is 8. Add another 5 to 48 and there

He pressed the young men to take another

spirit generously, They were glad to delay the moment of departure, and Catherine coquetted to the last. She handed David his comforter and laughed at the fashion in which Michael

could resist doing as Michael did, and suddenly kissing her. David turned white.

David was red enough now, as he awkwardly took the kiss she proffered him. Michael made a grimace. "You know how to cheapen your favors," vividly, but answered pertly, "It will be a

porch and David opened the outer door. The wind drove him back an instant as it rushed triumphantly past him, lifting the carpet from the boards, blowing the curtains into

"Goodnight!" said Eames to the young

"Goodnight, Davy!" said Catherine, in her most caressing tone, and making use for the first time that evening of the familiar diminutive. "Goodnight, Michael."

"Goodnight!" they cried, setting off.

in doors, and the two friends trudged on to-They went without speaking a mile along their road. The last house of the village was left behind as, striking across the meadows, they reached the cliff, along the vaprous meshes that held ber; she reached a brendth of dark transparent sky, and for a time shone out unimpeded and strong. Every leaf and blade of grass became suddenly distinguishable upon the cliff-top; every bright ripple crest and dark

was on fire with the kiss she had let him no one in the world to dispute his claim. Michael who had not spoken either, was vet never silent. Now he whistled, now he

David felt a passionate resentment. 'What a fool you are!" he exclaimed savagely, "everything to you is a matter of here together, Catherine will have made her choice, and one of us will be the happiest fellow in the world, one the most miser

"Perhaps I am cultivating a laughing philosophy," replied Michael, "in order to enable me to sustain my fate, and yet-"Yet what," repeated David. "Well, of course we each hope to have the

succeed and he fail cut David like a knife. but he marshaled up all the facts that told in his favor and found relief.
"Even supposing," said he, "Catherine cared for you, what then? How could you support her as a wife? You have only just enough to live yourself. Do you mean to

ask her to wait for you? Eames would not consent. He is a shrewd man. He understands business. I talked with him to-day for a long time. I let him know my position and my prospects. He was pleased. I am almost sure I can count upon his influence. In fact he hinted as much. He said he wanted a son-in-law competent to put Catherine's own little bit of money to good

"You are a canny Scot, Davy," said he, "and where money is con-cerned you are bound to win! But while you were getting round old Eames I for once was better employed. I was in the kitchen assisting Catherine to make the pies. I sat on a corner of the table and handed her the pepper, salt and herbs as she wanted them. Do you know she is different

tier, and does not make fun of what you There was a rapturous expression on Michael's face that told his companion, plain as words could, he was living over again his hour with Catherine in the kitchen. 'Have you ever noticed her ear?" he went on; "I did not know an ear could be such a beautiful thing. It is so small and so perfect! I wonder how any man could have been such a brute as to bore that little hole

importance to him, was how and when O'Brien meant to pluck away the mask. "It was seeing your daughter convinced me I was on the right track," said O'Brien; "she has her mother" name and her mother's hair." Scott was astonished. "How can you

O'Brien took from his breast-pocket an oblong packet. Unfolding the paper in fear to brush it away with a breath. It must feel like velvet to the finger. Then her hands. How horny Eames' are, and ours, too. Look at that!" Michael held out a large palm roughened and engrained by weather and work.

"This was Michael's," said he, "I took it from the body that evening, and through all my wanderings and misadventures I have managed to keep it safe. Sea-water, time "But Catherine's is quite soft and pink, and is crossed inside by hundreds of funny it once contained, but long ago I learned its little lines, like a crumples poppy leaf be-fore it is shaken out of the husk. And it is again, stood a woman's name, 'Catherine,'

And here in the pocket I found a treasure time has not destroyed." He laid upon the table a long tress of woman's hair, fine in texture, yellow in color, and wanting but the brightness of liv-ing hair to be the precise counterpart of

Catherine Scott's. It was the actual lock of hair, for possess ing which Michael had lost his life, and David had earned the curse of Cain. Tears came into Scott's eyes as he looked at this last memento of all the beauty that had gone to dust

"It seems a small thing now to have quar-"It seems a small thing now to have quarreled over," he said, "but then it meant to me so much! Yet if she had only told me... for after all she loved your brother best. I found this out when it was too late. But even from the very beginning the shadow of the dead atood between me and hen, and when she lay dying, and I knelt beside her, it was his name she uttered with her failing breath. I never pray to God but Michael comes to appeal against me, and Catherine in heaven knows all and turns away her face. At eight and-twenty my away her face. At eight-and-twenty my

hair was gray, and you see what I am now . . . broken up, a wreck . . . What is it you mean todo?" "I don't know," said the other again. Deep furrows seamed themselves in his torehead, and he looked at Scott with angry eyes. Not because of Scott's crime against Michael, which he had long known, but because in his own breast a strange and enraging sentiment of pity warred with his legitimate revenge. The hopes of one day meeting with his brother's murderer, and exacting payment to the uttermost furthing, had lent him the energy and vitality to sur-vive privations that would have killed another man; the idea had been to him a talisman of power which had been and over again brought him unharmed from the jaws of death. Yet now that the moment for which he had so long waited was come, he hesitated. In spite of all he felt a riendship, an affection almost for David Scott, that filled him with scorn for himself. He

set about recalling his former feelings in the hopes of re-animating them.
"Often," said he aloud, "have I planned out in my exile what I should do when I met with Michael's murderer. I pictured to myself that I should find him poor, obtack, then angry, too, struck back, and his blow falling upon his assailant's mouth laid the lip open, while his own knuckles streamed with blood. This was enough to change both men to wild beasts. They throat, and, reminding him of Michael, slowly press his breath from him. But should I, on the contrary, find him as I have actually found you, rich, honored, well thought of, with loving hearts on which to lean, then I promised myself I would de-nounce him, drag him to justice, let him suffer all the torturing slowness of the law before expiating his crime by a shameful death. You think perhaps I have not sufficient proof? or that after so many years

I could not obtain a conviction? "I should confess everything," answered Scott; "here and now, if you wish it, I will write a confession, and sign it before witnesses. How often have I not longed to unburden my soul, and incked courage! You talk of punishment, of expiation; believe me a man may suffer all the tortures of hell within his own heart. What outs more sharply than unavailing repret?"
"The scorn of one's fellow men," said

O'Brien, calling up the dregs of his waning anger to give poignancy to his tone; "the calld's knowledge that the father is unworthy of her honor and her love." "Our sins shall be visited on our children," murmured Scott; "and yet my poor Catherine! I would spare her if I could. Sometimes I hoped that God would permit me-through her-to make you reparation?"

O'Brien's face became a dusky red, his eyes glowed with animation; the next moment he was iron again, and had bitten back the words on the tip of his tongue. ning. With an uncertain ory Michael crashed down to death alone, and David lay on the grass where he had fallen back and "What I myself might have hoped for under other circumstances, has been rendered impossible by your crime. What connec-tion could I have with the murderer of my brother? Would not his spirit haunt me? As it is, I am becoming contemptible to myself. I am temporizing and allowing human considerations to come between me

> quickly. Suspense alone is can bear."
> "I shall choose my own time and my own measures," said O'Brien malignantly, "and it you find the suspense hard, remember it is not one-tenth of the misery your victim suffered, dying on the rooks alone; or that I have gone through since, thanks to you. I have yet to consider the necessary steps to take, and I will let you know when I come

A clerk here entered introducing urgent business, and no more was said; but Scott tacitly accepted his enemy's conditions, and resumed his outward life of honorable com-It became apparent to Scott that if O'Brien had ever cared for Catherine, he now successfully crushed out the sentiment. Now, when he came over to Streatham, he avoided being alone with her. He sat darkly silent. It she addressed him he did

not seem to hear, or else answered her abruptly, almost rudely. At this her pretty eyes would fill with tears, and for ten min-utes after such a rebuff she could scarcely command herself to speak; then she would find excuses for him in her heart, feel sure that the fault was hers, and try a thou-sand dear devices for making herself more pleasing to him. If he still neglected her, she would go to the plano and sing, and O'Brien found it difficult, when listening to her sweet young voice, to maintain his noroseness.

Scott watched her with admiration and

pain. She was so like the other Catherine in face and form, so different in disposition. The other Catherine had accepted all hom-age as her right, this Catherine seemed to plead for kindness as a favor. The mother had played capriciously with the passionate hearts that loved her; the daughter, in retri-bution as it were, offered her fresh intense affections to one who coldiv turned aside.

O'Brien at length gave up visiting at Streatham at all. Catherine watted, hoped, grew anxious and sought her father. "Why does Mr. O'Brien no longer come here?" she asked; "is he ill?" "No," Scott answered, "he was at the of-fice to-day."

"Then why does he not come as he med "Perhaps he is busy."
"Oh, but not in the evening! Ask him, dearest, to come out to dinner to-morrow."
"Well, is he not coming?" was the first

question she put when her father returned slone the next day.

"My dear, he thanks you for the invita-tion, but he has another engagement." It was misery to Scott to see how Catherine's color came and went, and how her eyes filled up with tears.
"It is I who stand in my darling's way," he thought. He began to wonder if his death would make any difference; whether then O'Brien would be able to forgive the girl her pareutage. He, began to watch

with a new interest the progress of his dis-Catherine could not sleep. She came down in the mornings looking pale and tired. Scott lay awake at night too, but this was from the ever-increasing physical pain. Presently he was no longer able to

CHAPTER VII.

He was shown into the study, where Scott He was shown into the study, where Scott lay back in an armchair supported by pillows. There was a great and ghastly change in his face. For this O'Brian had been prepared partly by Scott's absence from the office, partly by a few words he had exchanged with a gentleman who was leaving the house as O'Brien entered it. This was a minister of Scott's church; he had been sitting with the invalid. He spoke of Scott's great sufferings, and in conventional phraseology, but with real earnestness, of his Christian patience, and of the loss he would be to them all if the Lord

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 'Catherine Eames,' and sometimes 'Catherine Cott,' ine O'Brien;' once it stood 'Catherine Scott,' but a black line had been run through it.

And here in the pocket I found a treasure time has not destroyed."

aw fit to take him. The servant joined in to praise his master, and O'Brien's observant eye took in the inquiry cards that completely covered the hall table. All these tokens of respect and solicitude awoke anew the devil in his breast, and be more than half-regretted the resolution he had come to, which was to relinquish his vengeance and leave the murderer to fate. A variety of motives had brought him to this -principally perhaps the strange affection he selt for the man who had so injured

him.

Scott, looking up at his visitor with depre-cation, did not venture to offer his hand. "It is very kind of you to come and see me," he said.
"I have come to tell you I am going away, back to America. You are safe. I have broken my vow." O'Brien refused a chair, and stood gazing moodily into the

empty garden. 'Why do you spare me?" asked Scott said Catherine, litting a pale and piteous umbly.
"Because I'm a fool, I suppose, and a painful! There is a pain always here!" she pressed her hands upon her heart—"I

"But why do you go?" said Scott; "I shall not be here long; for do not think I shall escape punishment. The hand of God is upon me. It is hard to leave my poor Catherine all alone. And death itself is hard."

O'Brien looked about the room. There lay Catherine's little embroidered handker-chief on the open book, from which she had probably been reading aloud; here on the table by Scott's elbow was a glorious bunch of purple grapes; the pillows behind his head, the shawl over his knees had oeen ar-

with bitterness.
"Some deaths are harder than others," said he; "you find it hard to die here among your own people, waited on by those who love you, with every alleviation that money and science can give. You are attended by the first doctor in London, who, though he cannot cure you, can relieve your pain. Your clergyman comes and talks to you of God and of His forgiveness, and all who know you speak of you with respect and regret. All day long your daughter Catherine is by your side to soothe you with her caresses; you will pass away in her arms, death will lose half its terrors with your head reposing in her tender breast. And midst of life and strength be found himself face to face with death. And it was to a but did not kill him outright. Who can say how many hours be lingered there on those lonely wind-swept rocks? At first, stunned by the fall, weakened by loss of

blood, the time went by unconsciously; then he would collect his thoughts, remembered how you thrust him down over the prec pice in a moment of passion, and he would feel sure of your repentance and assistance. Did you hear no voice calling up to you?" "The wind drowned every cry," said the sick man, and drops of sweat stood upon his forehead and trickled down his face.

"But cannot you imagine how he kept expecting you?—expecting that you would seek help, let down ropes, come down yourself to seek the friend you had loved? or that you would hasten into Hardsmouth, get a boat come around by the coast?"

get a boat, come around by the coast?"
"It was a night of storm," said Scott, "no boat could have lived in such a sea,' "But Michael lived through the night, He must have crawled up to the spot where I found the corpse, otherwise he would have been washed away. Think of the lonely and awful day succeeding that night, as he lay there dying of exposure, of loss or blood, or want of aid. Picture the pain of that of want of aid. Picture the pain of that utter abandonment. Too weak to call for help, too weak at last to move, and the crows gathering around him to stare into his glazing eyes. But he could think, and his thoughts could not have been such as to solace him. What had he to think of? The treachery of

a friend—a friend, who, having murdered him, was not likely to stick at blasting his good name. He must have foreseen the distance from him, Michael's cap, which had fallen off in the struggle. He would have recognized it anywhere by its shape, its your hand. I am at your a life as you have led, honored and happy, according to you and people of your creed, he thereby lost his soul, and so will suffer eternally; while you, in spite of your crime, because you have had time and opportunity

please yourself by calling this an expiation. I can only see in it an aggravation of the unfairness of your lot and his."

a spirit may.

"Do not say that no one cares for you," unfairness of your lot and his."
O'Brien watched the anguish in his victim's face with a keen pleasure at his heart; but down deeper still was a more keen pain; for he had come to love David Scott as much as one man can love another, and yet felt bound to conceal his love and show hatred because of the oath he had sworn. Bitter words were all that remained

Scott leaned his head upon his hand.
"To die alone....yes, it must be hard," he murmered; "human sympathy in that last hour is what the whole soul longs for. And Michael had none. No, I have not expiated."

An idea struck him. His mind was so unhinged he believed it came from God. and I was tormented, always wondering what was the reason. Sometimes I fancied what was the reason. Sometimes I fancied what was the reason. "Will you leave me a little while?" he asked; "the pain here"—he pressed his side—"is so terrible. . there is a remedy I must try. Perhaps in the garden you may find Catherine, you will wish to bid her good-bye . . . . but

At the same moment a gentle knock came

touch. He drew a newspaper over the pistol, leaned back among the pillows, and making a strenuous effort to compose his

to the door, and Scott knew it was Catherine's

"Yes, go out to him-for he has come to take leave of us, Catherine. He is going away. "Away!" repeated Catherine, distressed.
"Where? Why?" "He is returning to America." "But only for a visit? He will come back?" she insisted, with varying color. "No, dear one; I think—I lear he is going

Catherine looked at her father with those speaking eyes of hers, which had long ago told him the secret she which had long ago told lith the secret she had thought so well concealed. But now it trembled on her tongue also. She opened her lips, hesitated, and could not speak.

O'Brien came in sight of the window, crossing the end of the lawn. He was deep in thought, but evidently Catherine had no share in it. He gave no glance toward the house, nor round about him, as he must have done had he been hoping to see her. One hand was carried behind his back, now

"Did you say nothing?"-this very fully. "Nothing you would care to hear. He

spoke of his journey—and of other things. He is a man whom grief and injury have rendered hard. He has no thought for softer feelings."
"Yes, if he had cared," said Catherine,

around him were evidences of his material success. Fine pictures hung upon the walls, handsomely-bound books filled the dwarf cases, richly-colored oriental carpets were spread over the floor. Through the window his eyes fell upon his own freehold acres; upon the lawns and shrubberies which were his; upon the million fanned chestnuts, the feathery acacias, the everrustling elms, which, planted so many generations ago by dead hands, had grown straight and strong to shadow the gardens

## gesticulated unconsciously with her hands

Scott groaned. The physical pain he was suffering at that moment from the rapid de-velopment of his disease was nothing to his agony of mind. In the midst of luxury and every apparent condition of happiness, David Scott was as miserable in body and soul as any man that day in London. He clasped his hands, and the tears forced themselves down his sunken cheeks.

grew calm, rose from his knees, exrefully looked to the loading of the pistol, and, holding it in his right hand, pressed the noz-

zle against his waisteoat, moving it a little this way or that as he left for the heart arms up round his neck, and laid her head

upon his breast.
"Dearest," she murmured, "we are going to be so happyl" Scott looked over the pretty fair head to O'Brien. There was something in the man's appearance totally different to his ordinary self and yet strangely well known.
"David?" he said, coming nearer

A giddiness rushed over Scott. He had but time to put Catherine from his arms be-fore the room turned round with him, wavered into blackness, and for an instant everything was blank. Then he stepped out of their darkness onto a sunlit cliff, where he and Michael were walking side by side; every step they took was on scented thyme and tiny golden coltstoot, two blue butterflies fluttered in arabesques over the ground, above was a blue and ardent heaven. below a blue and glittering sea. He tasted the saltness upon his lips, and the slumberous far-away sea song hummed in his ears. Michael spoke to him and he answered. At first it was solid, vivid reality. Then he came to know it was only his spirit there on the cliffs, his body was lying back in his easy chair in his own library, where busy hands were endeavoring to keep him captive, to cheat him of the vision. He resisted, his soul escaped once more to the cliff, but already its sunshine was

From O'Brien's face the dark, determined look was gone; his eyes had lost their cold-

fascination for him.

hundred-fold. Let her earn me, David, your pardon, too."

A twilight fell upon the room for David Scott. Only dimly could he see the faces of the man and woman he so loved; but hold-ing a hand of each in each of his, his feeble

said, "be good and happy, Catherine."
Then he withdrew his hand from hers to lean
over more completely toward O'Brien.
"Klss me, Michael," he asked nim; but
almost before the kiss of good comradeship back in his chair, and died without a sigh

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11:30 p. m. Arlington—5:30 a. m., 6:20 a. m., 7:1
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12:30 p. m., 5:10 p. m., 5:50 p. m., 7:10 p. m., 10:3
12:30 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 5:10 p. m., 7:15 p. m., 9:30 p.
12:30 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 5:10 p. m., 7:15 p. m., 9:30 p.
13:30 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 5:10 p. m., 7:15 p. m., 9:30 p.
14:30 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 12:10 p. m., 1:05 p. m.

mid of knives and glasses, Catherine a mischierous hand to interfere, but Michael, still building with his right, caught her wrist in his left hand and held it fast. With an impatient jerk of the

you might read through them," and David clinked glasses with Eames and drank to

you have me. Well, 20 years goes by like a flash, as one day you'll discover for your-

little half-glass, "A warm inside keeps the cold without," said he, dealing forth; the

wore his.
"You have tied it very badly, all the ends are hanging out. Let me arrange it for Standing on tip-toes her head just reached Michael's chin. She was unnecessarily long in her arrangements, and when she had finished she turned her charming little face upward, with something so provocative in her baby eyes, that no young mortal Irishman, especially after Eames' hospitality,

"Early times for kissing!" grumbled Eames.
"No! late times!" said Catherine, "I am saying good night." With woman's wit she held her blushing check up to her father and David in turn, as if it were but ordinary

he told Catherine, who blushed still more long time before you obtain another favor, The whole party went out into the little

strange suggestive shapes, finally losing itself in the great roaring cavern of a Outside, up in the domed heavens, a gibbous moon, now visible, now hidden, climbed swiftly through the drifting clouds. The scene was alternately washed in cold white light or plunged in blackness, and the suddenness and completeness of these changes

Both turned back and waved their caps with a final "goodnight." All four saw each other for the last time in the wan moonlight, then Eames pulled his daughter with-

hollow might be counted on the sheet of silver sea that crawled below. David, since he parted from Catherine, had not opened his lips. The look he still believed he had surprised between her and Michael rankled within him. His blood take; perhaps, too, Eames' whisky counted for something. He said to himself over and over again. Catherine should be his, and the annoying conviction pressed close upon him, that but for Michael there was

hummed under his breath, now he sang a few bars out loud. All at once he laughed the windy darkness. As he went he re-hearsed the three years of his good friend-

luck," said Michael, apologetically, "and I cannot help being gay-hearted while such a hope is mine." The mere possibility that his rival should fully nieced together and learned by heart

him for the murderer of his brother Michael. Michael laughed again.

when you are alone with her? She is gen-

through it! She says it did not burt her much, but imagine hurting her at alif' Every word wrenched the knile round in David's heart; every moment his face grew more fixed and bloodless. Unconscious or careless of the effect he was producing, Michael proceeded: "There is a wonderful down over her cheek, though you only see know that?" it when she terns against the light. It is like the bloom on truit, you would almost

"What right have you to know such things?" he demanded huskily; "what right have you to touch her? You descerate her by your speech, by your thoughts, I have never so much as squeezed her hand, and you—did I not see you to-night put her to shame by kissing her before us all?"

"You should be the last to complain of that remembering what it carried you!"

that, remembering what it earned you!" said Michael; "but what I do before her father I dare not do behind his back. When alone with Catherine I am more timid, and go no further than she leads."

"I swear she never leads you!" cried David violently: "you insult her by every

Michael did not seem to hear, he was immersed in pleasurable recollections.
"To-day her hair tell down all about her shoulders and below her waist. She had run into the garden to caich her kitten that had escaped, and the wind loosened it and blew it about like a yellow cloud. I wanten to take it in my hands, but I was afraid. I suppose she saw my longing in my face, for she got her scissors from her workbox and cut off for me a long thick piece. I have it

here!" and Michael thrust his hand into his David recalled the similar movement when Catherine had said to him, "Have you nothing else to meditate upon?" and he understood at last the look which they had exchanged. Michael had played him false. Three months ago they had agreed to court Catherine openly and in each other's presence, and to loyally accept her choice; Michael had tampered with he affection in an underhand manner, and had

got her to concede to him unwarrantable favors. Love, rage and jealousv sent David, usually the most sensible of young men, clean off his head. He sprang upon Michael with a vague idea of tearing open his coat and proving him a liar, or else of wresting from him the lock of hair of which he made his boast. Michael, astonished at the atfought with fury, neither remembering nor caring for the cause. Locked in each other's arms, they swaved this way and that, and, oblivious of the danger, came every moment nearer to the cliff's edge. Both were strong and evenly matched in weight and height. David had a temporary ad-vantage, having got Michael below him, but at the same moment he grew cognizant of their peril, and the shock at once sobered

him. It was perhaps even then too late, they were already on the brink. The hor-ror legible in his eyes caused Michael to glance round in his turn; down, down fell the precipice, almost perpendicularly to the shore. His grip upon David's arms, born of ferocity, tightened in despair.

"Back, David, for God's! for Catherine's!" he whispered hoarsely. But David felt with agony of mind the ground sliding away beneath him. Was there nothing on all this great round slippery earth by which to catch hold? His foot encountered an obstacle; with all his strength he held against the knotty root of some long-perished tree that laced the ground in his path. They were saved! But when Michael said "for Catherine!" David's feelings under-went another change. His hatred returned a thousand-fold, he no longer wished to save his rival, he wished to thrust him back, to leave him to his fate. Perhaps he did transmute this impulse into action, perhaps Michael must have fallen away. David never knew. All passed in a flash of light-

stared at the sky and the sailing moon, and vaguely calculated how soon she would reach that great bank of black cloud that yawned before her. Next he observed on the grass, at a little The blustering wind racing along the cliff top raised the cap on edge, played with it capriciously, whirled it to the brink or the precipice, balanced it there, toppled it over. David experienced horrible pain at seeing this senseless inanimate object thus disap-pear before his eyes. It woke him from his stupor. It carried his thoughts down to Michael; he shuddered; had he died quickly or was he alive and conscious of the in-creeping sea, that within a few hours would wash high up the base of every rock and boulder along that lonely coast? David

crept along the edge, leaned over the abyss, and called down with all his strength. The wind seized hold of his voice, scattered it hither and thither, overpowered it. No human sound might reach to down there below; vision might not scan the depth of those Titun walls, or cleave the blackness of their shadows. Yet for a moment David, hanging over the precipice, fan-cied he could disti-guish a dark and awful something blotting the moon-white shore; then the light flickered, paled, went out, the moon had reached the swarthy cloud bank, she passed into it and left him

ship with Michael. Closest, most mesens rable of companions, never an unkind word had passed between them, until they had made the acquaintance of Catherine Eames. Now, because of this girl, Michael's body lay crushed at the foot of Browncap Cliff, and David was not only a murderer, but to conceal his crime must become a liar and a hypocrite as well.

He loathed himself, his old love for

He got up and stumbled bome through

### Michael was strong within him; and never-theless, before the next sun rose, he had skil-

the story he was to adhere to throughout the remainder of his life. CHAPPER VI. "What do you mean to do?" This was the question Scott asked O'Brien the first moment he found himself alone with him next day. There was no doubt in Scott's mind now but that O'Brien knew

gloom. "Did you know all along I was the man you were in search of?"
"When I heard of you from the Van Hannens, it occurred to me you might be the man, but when I saw you I fancied I was mistaken, you looked so much older than I

expected.

"I have not come to a decision," au-

swered O'Brien, with more than usual

"To bear a secret burden of guilt for 20 "To bear a secret burden of guilt for 20 years does age a man." said Scott humbiy; "but for my poor Catherine's sake I should be glad now the end has come."

This conversation took place in Scott's private office during an interval of business. Within a few seet off was the room—sull of pen-driving clerks, young fellows who now and then exchanged a gay jest over their work; beyond, again, was the jar and rumble of city life; all things ran in their ac-customed grooves, only for Scott was the world revolutionized. His prosperous, honored, hypocritical career was at an end and the question this morning of paramount

One day in September James O'Brien David Scott,

came over to Streatham. He had at last nade up his mind what he should do, and he wished to communicate his intentions to

loosely closed, now vehemently clenched the other held his stick, which he prodded Scott's eyes, following Catherine's, fell upon this figure, and despair seized the father, a forlorn hope awoke in the girl.
"Father, I love him," she said, looking up bravely.
"I have known it long, dearest."

eruel and lingering death to which he was condemned. For the fall crippled him, O'Brien, turning at the end of the grass, saw her as she advanced toward him. He steeled himself to coldness. chill and fluttering hand.

> so pleasant, you would not have wished to "Because you find life pleasant yourself, you imagine every one else should do so.

quire the knack of giving and taking the pretty nothings of society."

The savage way he said this, the apparent anger that blazed from his eyes, did not daunt Catherine; on

she began, "for there is a girl who loves you, and has loved you all along. Why should I be ashamed to own it? Does it do you any harm, or me any dishonor? I think it does me honor! I am better, prouder, and more glad since I have known you than I ever was in my life before. And I ask nothing from you in return, only I to him now he had abandoned bitter ven-geance; yet he despised himself for bending to handle such woman's weapons. or admiration; why then must love, which is best of all, be hidden forever in our hearts as if it were something criminal? Let me tell you everything. At first you were always good to me; I thought that you liked me, and I tried to please you. Then you grew cold, if I had not been rich, you would have come nearer to me; and yet my heart told me that a man who loved a woman at all would hold her far beyond and above her will wish to bid her good-bye.... but then return to me here.... alone."

In moody silcuce O'Brien opened the French window and stepped out; then Scott, unlocking a drawer in the table beside him, nroduced a small pistol, and laid it on the nroduced a small pistol, and laid it on the security woman, what I have told you will be unhappy now, wealth. But then, when I heard just now you were going away forever, I felt I could not let you go in ignorance; for, even where one cannot return the same affection, it is

you, I shall never, never regret what I have told you to-day." voice, called her in.

Never had she looked so sweet and winning, but Scott knew these loveliest blushes

told you to-day.

O'Brien was looking at her with ardor. He had somehow got both her cold little hands in his; he were not for him.

"Mr. O'Brien, father, is walking in the garden," she began; "I saw him from my window. Ought I not—— Shall I go out to him?"

Shall I go out to him?" that moment she would have given the world to be away, anywhere out of his sight, out of the sound of his voice. She would have arrested perversely, had she been able, the words she so longed to hear.
"Catherine, my darling, you have more
than atoned!" he said, in a voice strangely
altered, for the man had grown young again; he had thrown away the burden of a 20 years' hatred, and the dark vow that had bound his heart snapped like a gossamer thread. "I have not deserved your love, but come," and he began to lead her down through the trees

David Scott knelt down by his desk with